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ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

O leave the gay palace and come to my cot,
It rests on the brow of the brake;
The clear air of rivulets water the spot,
And are full from the urn of the lake;
The ring-dove is heard in the orange-tree grove,
And the shepherd reclines in the vale,
The milk-maid sings sweetly a ditty of love,
And the lambs skip over the dale.

When the morning appears on the far distant hill,
And the golden sun shines in the bow's, and
The Zephyr's light ringlets play over the rill,
We'll spring from our pallet of flow'rs—
We'll walk in the chrysalis of the grove,
And puff our skill o'er the lake—
O leave the gay palace and come to my cot,
It rests on the brow of the brake. JERUSA.

TO ELLEN.

No, Ellen dear, no! Envy's frown,
Nor all that Malice can invent,
Shall ever make my soul disown
Thy friendship, or its charms repent.

Believe me true, its useless vain,
To think I deem thee insincere,
Thy gentle heart I would not pain,
Or have thee shed one precious tear.

For Oh! 'tis sweet to feel thee true,
On whom I lean with trust and love,
To rest my careless breast upon,
And falsehood's base power defy.

Fare not sweet sufferer, Mary's love
Shall never fly thy injured heart;
Time shall its tender feelings prove,
And sweetest confidence impart.

I am not one, when sorrow's gloom
Overshadows the prospect of thy days,
And fortune ceases to allume
Thy life with joy's too transient rays.

To turn a cold unheeding eye,
Upon thy uncomplaining form,
Or friendship's fairest claims deny,
To make more dark Fate's low'ring storm.

Despair not then thou child of song,
For ever shalt thou find in me,
A friend who'll cease not to prolong
The dearest of company. MARY.

TO MISS MARY P. A.

The playful swallow lightly dips
Her breast where flows the gentle life;
With cautious bill the stream she sips,
Which many a deadly plant may hide—
In wanton gambols she will sport,
While summer winds her presence court.

May thou dear maid as careful prove,
As cautious rest thy breast on man,
As careful sip the cup of love,
Till thou thy officer's failing see—
Then shouldst thou summer breezes cease,
You'll find his love will not decrease.

OLIVERIA.

There was a being, beautiful and bright
As the first beams of morning in the sky—
Gay as the lark that sings his matin lays
In the mid heaven, fleet as the spring time
Of his life—no thought of care
Had cast a shadow yet on his fair brow—
No sorrow dimmed the brilliance of his eye—
But sweetest dreams of bliss, fit up
His happy unclouded soul, till tinged his spirit
With their golden hue, and made earth seem to her
Pace as that Eden which the Maker blessed.

Many, many came,

To look on him as the sun on flowers,
And to be parted. Yet, all unconscious
Of his power, he gave his strength
With every hour, and for as the light of life to her.
Companions they had been in youth's green path—
Together gathered flowers, on the "bright hills
Of young existence," and inhaled the same pure
Fragrance of his airy air—yet scarcely knew the links
Of fond affection, had so closely bound
Their souls in that firm chain, which death alone
Has power to sever. 'Twas thought not why
Her cheek flushed deeper, when he gazed on him,
Nor why she spoke the gladness of her heart
Brightened her face, like sunshine on the clouds—
Yet others read the secret, but herself unknown—
Nor was he to be, and feel the happiness
She thus conferred on him.

Thus years passed on; and
That he alone should be his own partner,
And share with her life's future sorrows, or its present
joys—
But human happiness is like the flower
That blossoms, and is noontide fades away.

She heard it whispered that the youth grew fond
Of midnight revels, and the "flowing bowl"—
Intemperance, with baneful influence, hurled him
To his fate, and with a siren's art, enticed him
To seek the things that came upon her, like the deadly
Blow of a southern clime, and blasted every hope.

They met one more—the told him of her fears,
And he was not so far from home, to hide
Her sorrows from the only heart he loved—
Conscience arose; her slumbers now were broken;
That faded cheek repressed him with its woe;
That faded eye, he could not bear to meet.

I go, said he, to seek a native land,
And I return not to my native home,
Till I redeem, by penitence, the past;
Till still where'er I roam, thou art the star
That light my path, and the reward
For every future pain—ask not thy forgiveness
Till I have done this. Thy faithful I know—farewell.
Thy heaven lies there, and the happy gift
I have to thee, is the promise of rest. I will pray
For strength, in heart, as thou'rt so lonely paths,
With steps unshaking from the thorns that spread.
I cannot change; my love is thine forever!
I pledge my vows to thee, the God of heaven.

And solitary was her lot indeed, so long
Had she been walking in the social path
Of happiness, measured by kindred minds
And feelings flowing like the unbroken waves
That seem divided—yet are ever one!

But, she knew her grief in silence
And moved with the gay, as she no change
Had found her glad heart—she saw that the rose
Forgot to bloom upon her cheek, nor left
A trace of its existence—and her step
No more was lightest in the festive dance.
No song, but there was sadness combined
With every note of harmony she breathed—
Not the wild strains of gaiety and mirth
She formerly loved best to waken at her will!

On summer's eve, while in her father's hall,
Sounded the music of her gentle voice—
And the gay crowd of beautiful and brave,
Listened in silence to her heavenly notes—
A stranger entered in a foreign garb,
Unseen by her—but noticed by the rest.
He placed his finger on his lips, to hush
The voice that till then had ceased. None knew,
The soul required from whence he came,
He mingled in their midst—when off the high
Escaped his bonds, and his spirit soared
But all at once—Thoughts of the past
Came o'er the maiden, and her eyes grew sad—
The stranger watched her varying countenance,
And found that she partook not of the general joy!
And as the crowd alone, unheeded, and unobserved
Gazing upon the straggling formant,
While some watched his departure, to the maiden's side
He stood, and saw the tears upon her cheek,
And whispering softly, "I've redeemed the time,"
Kissed from that hand those tell tale tears of love!

She looked upon him with bewilder'd eyes,
Doubting the truth of this unshapely form!
And on his lips, she saw the shadow of a smile,
And heard the words of such perfect joy!
When I had lost the last faint spark of hope!
Yes—yes—thou art returned! Heaven had no boon
More welcome to me than this hour has given!
My own—my long lost love! I cannot part
The gratitude I feel! Long years must prove
Its verity—and faithfulness to thee
Be the best witness of a heart unchanged!
This moment will repay past years of sorrow,
And I fear no more misfortune, since
Thy love is mine! Thus happily united
They returned, to the lighted hall—
And could join with them in all their joys—
So contented smiles, showed by a glad
Gaze—but those that beam'd from a great
Spirit, shodding joys on all!

ROSA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A PERSIAN LEGEND.

Let me tell thee, my friend, I do not
Think that a lovely form of painted air,
So like a dream, that I can see it fall,
But I catch it in my hand, and grasp it fast.
Morning Bird.

In the course of my travels through the
western part of Asia, I had occasion to make
some stay at the city of Ispahan, the ancient
capital of Persia, and having been long ac-
quainted with an English resident there, ac-
cepted his pressing invitation to make his
house my quarters while I remained at that
place. The business which brought me there
having been transacted, I found leisure to
make excursions through the city and sur-
rounding country, with my friend, who spared
nothing to render my situation agreeable, or
to afford me instruction and amusement. In
one of these peregrinations, we accidentally
came across an old mutilated building which
appeared to have been uninhabited for cen-
turies. Prompted by curiosity, we entered its
shattered gate, and were soon amidst the ru-
ins: long rows of cells were ranged through-
out different parts of it, and from the peculiar
disposition of its apartments were not long
in ascertaining that the structure had been
designed for a place of punishment. There
was an appearance of antiquity throughout
the building, most likely, in ages past, been
the engine of despotism, within whose walls,
those unhappy persons who were most ob-
noxious to tyranny, were immured. Whilst
employed in inspecting the cells of this dreary
prison, we descried an old man approaching us;
after a friendly salutation, he offered to
conduct us to his house, where, having arrived,
he treated us with great hospitality. We
observed upon the sides, various instruments
hung up, which we were told had been taken
from the ruins of the prison. The host per-
ceiving our curiosity, brought us a manuscript,
which also came from thence; the contents
were almost obliterated by the hand of Time,
and the only part which was legible, was near
the conclusion. Thus, with the aid of my
friend, I transcribed; it was the history of a
man who had been placed there, and proba-
bly to pass away the tedious hours, employed
himself in this manner. That part of it which
I obtained ran as follows:—

"I was slowly pursuing my way amongst
the rugged hills eastward of Ispahan, con-
templating the azure vault of heaven, desti-
tute of a cloud on which to rest the weary
eye, with the feelings of a traveller, who,
having passed through innumerable dangers
and toils, at last arrives at a successful ex-
pedition, safe within sight of his dear native
home, and experiences a foretaste of return-
ing joys, in beholding his loved mansion, the
scene of his youthful pleasures, and the abode
of his most near connections, tearing its head
proudly above the horizon, who, in imagina-
tion already feels the parental embraces of
his beloved inmates, and the affectionate con-
gratulations of his kinsmen. The landscape
on all sides was familiar to me; I recollected
perfectly when five years before, I had started
on the same track, at the instance of my
friends, to traverse through various nations,
and trade to distant climes in quest of fortune.
My anxiety then to set out was great, but it
was not unaccompanied with regret; I wished
to see the world, to view the most stupendous
and singular works of Nature, and to gain a
knowledge of the different characters and
customs of Nations. My ardent fancy painted
the journey as a tissue of pleasures and
amusements, during which I would have
nothing to do but to gratify constant curiosi-
ty. Yet it was with acutely painful feelings
that I took leave of home; with my relations
it was sorrowful; but with another who
claim'd nearest to my heart, it was exultant-
ly so. How well do I remember when the
evening before my departure I met my
beloved Edra, in her father's garden. With
that melting tenderness she begged me to
desist from my intended journey; her dark
blue eyes were suffused with tears, and re-
flected a faithful image of the agony of her
soul; a last look was there taken of what
on earth I held most dear. Her image had con-
stantly occupied my thoughts amidst the
diversified scenes I passed through; her form
floated uppermost in my mind, whether en-
gaged in my commercial affairs, or seeking
pleasure amongst the sons of matrimony, and
the scene those who were considered most
beautiful yet they were shadows to Edra;
their forms were loaded with jewels, their
dresses the most costly that could be imagin-
ed; they had been taught the graces of their
sex, and the most refined allurements of
the age; yet a single smile from her was worth
more, in my eye, than a thousand blander-
ments of theirs; her graceful form, when sim-

ply attired in her flowing robes, far outshone
the blaze of diamonds, beneath which they
moved. How great then was my joy, how
extatic my delight, to find myself once more
amongst my native hills. I pictured to my
imagination my princely habitation, my wife,
and a future offspring lovely as herself. My
expedition had been an extremely fortunate
one, and I was returning laden with wealth,
with the pleasing expectation of making her,
whose love was necessary to my existence,
happy. These were my reflections as the
golden spires and tall minarets of Ispahan
broke upon my sight; it was to me as a dawn
upon Paradise. The sun was elevated far
above the horizon, and cast a light which was
reflected with dazzling brilliancy from the
roofs of the Mosques, and dwellings in the
city. I was soon amidst the din and bustle of
the merchants, and though much changed,
began to recognize several scenes of my
youth; with eager hopes I pushed through
the street where my parents lived, till I arrived
at the long wished for spot, and in the
twining of an eye stood in the hall where my
infancy had been nurtured, and where I had
dejected, I ran through every apartment of
the house, but not a soul was in it. Astonished
at this, I retraced my steps, mounted my
steed and sought the habitation of Edra. On
my way thither, I overtook a cavalcade
composed of a large number of citizens, and
at the head of it, was placed a chariot drawn
by milk white horses; anxious to get on I en-
deavored to pass the crowd, but it was im-
possible, and my horse, quietly following the
multitude, I abandoned the reins, and gave
myself up to pleasing meditations. I would
not at that moment have exchanged situations
with the greatest potentate upon earth; I
was at peace with all the world; the busy
crowd around me seemed like beings of an
inferior grade; the anxiety depicted in their
countenances, the bustle and confusion occa-
sioned by their vocations, was at that mo-
ment, entirely foreign to my mind. Love,
the most pure and disinterested, took entire
possession of my soul; my faculties were
wrapt up in its contemplation. This delicious
rapture continued, until I was aroused from it
by the stopping of my horse, and on looking
round, discovered that the procession had also
halted. Proceeding by this, I spurred on, until
I reached the foremost part of the cavalcade.
The house which once held all I loved, stood
before me; a thrilling sensation ran like fire
through my veins. The chariot had already
arrived opposite the door, and ere I had time
to alight from my horse, I discovered Edra
sitting in it by the side of my younger brother.
My feelings were too powerful to be control-
led; and she was instantly locked in my arms;
but Oh! how altered! the rose on her cheek
had been exchanged for the lily, and that
beautiful eye which had beamed such celestial
lustre, was deep sunk in its socket; her
once animated countenance was strongly
marked by grief. With what ecstasy did I
press her to my heart; with what ecstasy did
I hang o'er her lovely image. Yet those mo-
ments of bliss were doomed to be short; I
clasped a lifeless corpse. My father first
aroused me, by informing me that she was a
bride; had a flash of lightning severed my
body at the moment, it would have been far
more welcome than this intelligence. "Who,"
cried I, "has dared to cross my hopes? Let
him appear, and though a legion guarded
him he shall meet the punishment he de-
serves." A single look of my brother was
sufficient to the cowering villain stood aghast
and horror-struck on beholding me. His con-
science accused him, and his cowardly heart
refused to bear him up in this extremity.
Huge took possession of my soul; in a moment
my next yatsgan gleamed in the air, and in
the next, his guilty soul took wing, to appear
with its load of crimes, before the impartial
bar of Heaven. What passed after this I do
not know, but have been told that others ac-
companied the unhappy bride and guilty
bridegroom to another world sent by my
hand; mercy forbid that my father should be
of the number thus deprived of life by an in-
furiated man.

When I recovered from my swoon, I found
myself immured within the walls of a dungeon;
my limbs and body felt the galling weight of
the ignominious fetters which enclosed them.
Eternal Prophet! what a change! I who a
few hours ago was exulting in my happiness,
my heart bounding lightly at the prospect of
future bliss, and my soul, which I considered
myself the most fortunate and happy of
mortals, in most afflictive circumstances, on
the eve of clasping a beloved maid in my
longing arms, was, by the machinations of a
villain in a brother's form, cast from the very
summit of felicity, from the pinnacle of hap-
piness, to the lowest depth of misery and af-
fliction. From the inmost recesses of a dun-
geon, where the heart is softened down by
repentance and remorse, I look back upon
the past actions of my life; I have sailed
smoothly along the current of Time with an
equable and uniform motion, when a frail
bar, built of weaker materials than my own,
or exposed to more vicissitudes, has bent be-
neath the weight of affliction; my hand has
not been withheld. My career flourishes but
few incidents for narration, or crimes for re-
morse; reason has guided me through many
whirlpools where others have sunk. My love for
Edra was founded on the most pure and dis-
interested motives; it was a union of two
kindred souls, formed by nature for each
other; a congeniality of disposition from our
first acquaintance knit the bands of friend-
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